

FIGHTING the GUN-RUNNERS

THE HISTORY of the traffic in arms which goes on between Europe and Afghanistan via Muscat dates from the year 1881, when England, in guaranteeing the independence of the amir, agreed to supply him with rifles and ammunition from India at a reasonable price, to assist him to maintain that independence. These privileges the amir soon began to abuse by establishing a cartridge factory at Kabul and by trading in arms with the border tribes, who eventually became a menace to the towns and villages on the Indian frontier and even to Afghanistan itself.

After a while the advent of smokeless powder and modern arms rendered the Kabul factory obsolete, and the Indian government about this time stopped the supply of arms to the amir. Hence arose an extraordinary demand for modern rifles and ammunition both for the amir and for the border tribes, the selling price at Kabul of a small box rifle rose to as much as £60.

"Ha! Ha!" said the Afghan traders, rubbing their hands. "There is money to be made here; we will get rifles from Europe and the sultan of Oman, who lives at Muscat, will no doubt help us." Now in 1884 the Sultan of Oman had made a treaty with France by which he was allowed to import and export arms without interference, to enable his forces to keep out the warlike Bedouins of the interior.

The usefulness of this treaty from a business point of view was pointed out to the sultan by the traders and he delightedly fell in with their

scheme. Rifles by the thousand began to arrive at Muscat from Europe and the Sultan, by imposing a six per cent. duty on all imports and exports of arms, etc., saw his income increasing by leaps and bounds. The traders sent their agents to Muscat and arranged for the arms to be conveyed in ships across the Gulf of Oman to Persia, while parties of Afghans came down to the Mekran coast, collected camels and transported the arms northward to their own country.

This treaty of 1884 is thus the root of the whole of the trouble. Efforts were made at the 1885 International Arms Trade Convention held at Brussels to induce the French government to annul the treaty, but in vain. The result is that the British East Indies squadron had to be strengthened and a rigorous blockade of the Gulf of Oman established, involving great expense to both British and Indian governments. Could this fifty-year-old treaty be annulled, the British warships would prevent arms being landed at Muscat and the whole gun-running business would collapse.

Steamers of many nationalities land arms at Muscat, where they are stored until the gun-running "season" begins. This lasts from December to April, the heat at other times helping to preserve the arms. Caravans can only travel in food and water is obtainable for the camels.

Some of the arms are conveyed to Nasirat, a port about three miles from Muscat. At these two ports, shows are laden with arms under cover of night and leave whenever opportunity offers. By keeping within three miles of the Arabian coast, a show is free from capture, but the distance from the Tarkha (coast) cannot say a word if his lines are confiscated and his vessel sunk. A British man-of-war, *Solar*, is another "depot" for arms as it is supplied from Muscat. Three courses are open to shows.

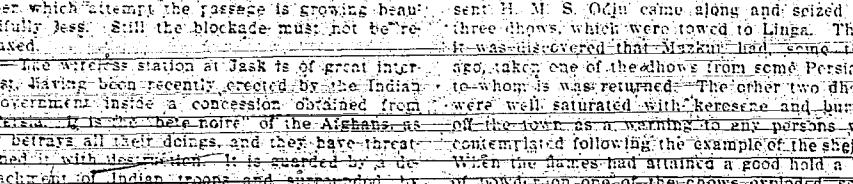
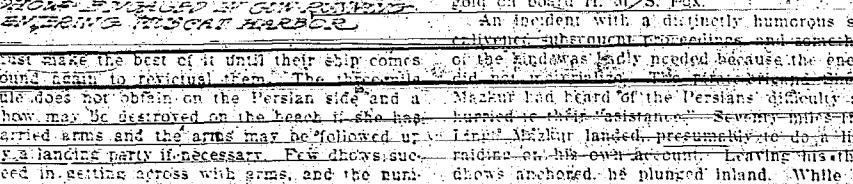
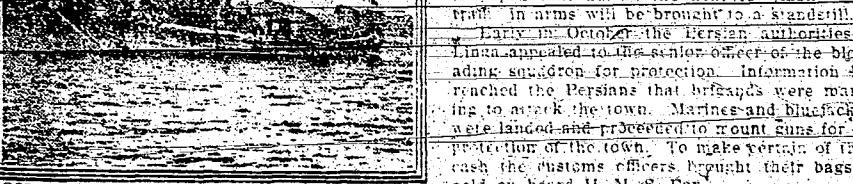
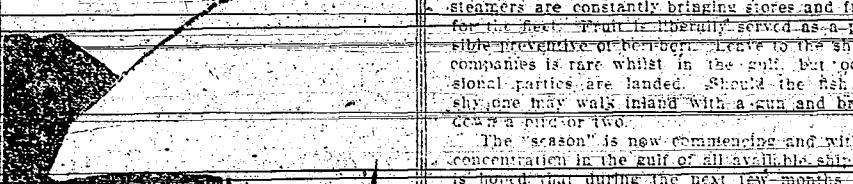
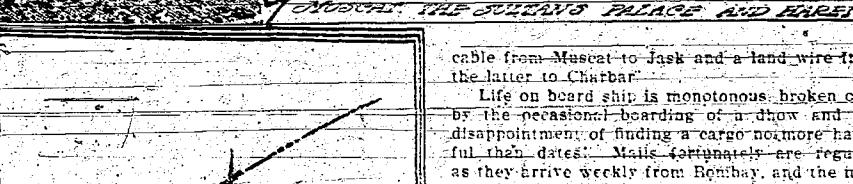
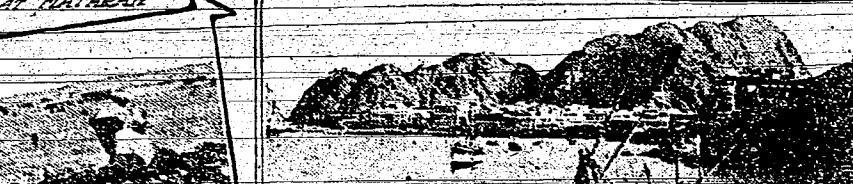
1. To make a bold dash from Muscat to Persia. This is dangerous, involving a long passage, part of which must necessarily be in daylight.

2. To hug the coast to the westward and with a favorable breeze to negotiate the thirty miles or so across on a dark night.

3. To creep along the coast to the south, using Karyat as a jumping-off place. A show would then steer for Karachi and at the approach of night would take course and make straight for the vicinity of Giravat.

The blocking squadron consists of H. M. ships *Fox*, *Philothea*, *Prasopis*, *Alder*, *Ovid*, *Sphink*, *Redbreast* and *Esplend*, and is called the Persian Gulf division. In addition there are seven steam launches hired from the British India Steamship company by the India government and partly manned by the royal navy. Of course this squadron cannot be maintained in the gulf at full strength or anything like it, as ships must periodically rent and the crews recuperate at Bombay or Colombo. The organization of the blockade is in the hands of Capt. A. T. Hunt of the *Fox*, whose ability in coping with the traffic has obtained a double reward—an admiralty extension of his appointment and the exonerations of the baffled traders of Kabul.

The system of intelligence which has been organized is nearly perfect. The wireless station at Jask transmits to the *Fox* news of the departure of shows from Muscat and also any information concerning the presence of Afghan caravans or the landing of arms on the Persian coast. Captain Hunt disposes his available vessels along the Mekran coast according to the needs of the moment. Ships' cutters and minnows, armed with marin guns, are sent out in charge of officers and lie in near-by landing places. They are provisioned for about a fortnight and



HIS BELOVED WIVES

"Ever hear of Buckleberry?" said a man from North Carolina the other day. "Well, it is a dirt-poor place, situated about fifteen miles from Goldsboro. Twenty years ago it used to abound in curious characters."

Amongst everybody in the neighborhood was Ben Sutton. At the time of which I speak about the most representative citizen of the community was Ben Sutton. Ben had one of the stately, modest little one-story houses you ever saw, and when one day I met him on the road and was invited to partake of his hospitality at midday dinner I accepted with alacrity.

We entered the house from the rear and almost immediately sat down at a table that literally groaned under the weight of ham and sweet potatoe collards, corn-pone, turnips and buckbeerry pie. Ben's hospitality made him seem to go away with the whole of an enormous second helping.

I stalked out upon the front porch after the meal and to my horror there stood in the yard, just in front of the house, a row of four handsome tombstones, each with a grave attached. My host had lingered inside so I went out and inspected the stones. One bore the inscription, "To my beloved wife, Annie." The second was, "To my beloved wife, Kate." The third read, "To my beloved wife, Maggie." and the fourth, "To my beloved wife, Jenny."

"Good heavens, have I struck a Bluebeard?" I exclaimed.

"Then I looked at the dates of decease. They

were from two to five years apart. I turned around and there was the old Ben Sutton looking at me with a smile on his face.

"Look pretty, don't they?" he said. "You see Ben likes to sit out here on the porch and talk about the conditions and tell me what a good wife Annie or Kate or Maggie or Jenny was to him. It doesn't suit me, and he gets lots of fun out of it."

"But you can be four sweet life there is no place you can be in the first place I made promise to me before we were married that he wouldn't put me there if I died before him in a second, I mean to outlive him. You see, Ben looks pretty husky, but he is nearly 60, and I am not yet 30."

"Oh, no, I don't mind the tombstones or the graves. For one thing, they keep negroes away from our place. You see there is the chicken coop on one side of the yard and the water-pipe on the other, and you could get a darky to go into either after sundown for any number of chickens or watermelons."

"The only thing I mind about it is that people try to tease me and tell me that Ben's already got my tombstone ready lettered and all, except as to the date of my death, but I guess I'll fool them all."

"She did, too. Poor Ben was gathered away to her numerous predecessors within a year or two after that. I have never been down in that part of the state since then, so I don't know what she did with the tombstones."

"Good heavens, have I struck a Bluebeard?" I exclaimed.

"Then I looked at the dates of decease. They

had permitted her to go to him after the operation, I shall now recover. They think I will, but they are mistaken. I feel it. I am going to die."

"No, no, John!" she cried. "Don't say that! You mustn't die. I haven't a thing that is fit to wear to a funeral. Judge."

Expensive Schooling.

"Experience is the best teacher."

"Well, she ought to be; her teaching comes mighty high."

Novel Marriage Ceremony

Every one acknowledges the nerve and daring of the automobile racing mechanician, but just at present the palm must be awarded to Nebraskan Orrin A. Curtis, employed as mechanician in a garage in Davis City, Neb. In a six cylinder, 50 horse-power car, and with Miss Lillian F. McCracken as his "driver," Curtis threw on his "high" one evening recently and started on a journey that

may end only with death.

"Until death doth part," read Rev.

Cleveland Kleibauer,

as he stood

in the

tonneau of the swaying car and pronounced Orrin A. and Lillian F.

man and wife, with another young couple as witnesses.

The young people never will be able to tell exactly where they were married, because they were going at some

thing like 50 miles an hour. But

Not to Be Thought Of.

"My dear," he feebly said, after

MODERN FARM MACHINERY IMPROVES LABOR CONDITIONS

Labor Saving Devices Enable Farmer With One Man to Do as Much Work as Formerly Accomplished With Dozen Hands Without Machinery—Manure Spreader Has Yearly Added Millions to Country's Crops.

(By G. L. SOUTHWICH)

Centuries ago men plowed with a crooked stick and reaped with a sickle. They are doing the same thing in the same way today in some parts of the world, but not in America.

The development of farm machinery has been very slow. The modern reaper is only about 50 years old. The automatic binder came into use as late as 1877. Gasoline engines on the farm were practically unknown ten years ago and the disk harrow, that most useful of farm implements, has been used only since 1854.

The modern grain header is a new machine. Our old friend Pliny describes a header which was used in his time. It was a "large, hollow frame armed with teeth for driving through standing grain so that the heads were torn off and fell into the frame." That is a pretty good description of the modern header. In Pliny's time a slave and an ox could harvest as much as an acre a day if they worked hard.

The first reaper was propelled by horses or oxen and it was death to

states which were considered unprofitable under the old method of farming, have, by means of the traction engine and gang plow, been brought into profitable farms. A week's work with 15 or 20 plows or disks, dragged by a

traction engine, is a quarter section.

On the large farms where the traction engine is in general use it is estimated that the daily cost of operating a gang of plows is about \$7, while the cost of horses and men to do the same work would be from \$17 to \$18 per day.

Traction engines are used to draw

harvesting machines, wagon trains of

grain to market and do every other

kind of work on the farm.

Wooden plows and harrows, which

were formerly used, have been almost

entirely discarded for implements

made of steel. One of the most im-

portant implements in the cultivation

of the soil is the disk harrow. The

disks are arranged in gangs and

purify the ground by turning the

soil over and leaving it in better condition

than any other implement next to the

scythe.

The principles of the first reaped

are in use today, with improvements

on the details. First was added a

seat for the man who raked the

bundles, then followed the self-raker.

The first harvesting machine met

with great opposition because it was

believed that the use of them would

put the farm laborer out of business.

It took a long time to overcome the

prejudice against these machines, just

as it did to remove the objections to

the sewing machine, the cotton gin,

the automobile and almost every other

labor-saving invention.

The first power brought to the aid

of man came from the wind and wa-

ter. The wind was harnessed to sails

and the windmill was born but it took

200 years to devise a practical ma-

chine driven by gas or coal or wood.

The water wheel has been in use for

hundreds of years and is still in use

in many parts of this country, doing

the work slowly. It is true, but there

ought to be a better machine.

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HELPS FARM VALUES

GOOD ROADS INCREASE SELLING VALUE OF RURAL PROPERTY.

LARGE AND SURE RETURNS

Improvement of Highways is Not Matter of Expense, but an Investment—With Good Roads the Farm Will Produce Greater Revenue.

By HOWARD H. GROSS.

There is one very important factor that people are apt to overlook, and that is the influence of good roads on the value of farm property. There is no fact that is better established, or of which there is more abundant proof than that a good hard road leading from the farm to the market will increase the selling value of the farm far more than the amount of taxes required to be paid by the farmer to build the road. Hence when the matter is analyzed, it will be found that the building of good roads is not a matter of expense, but an investment that pays a larger and surer return than anything else one can name.

A progressive farmer will expend money on building good fences, tile his land, erect wind-mills, sheds, covers for his machinery, plant trees, and do many things to make his farm more attractive, more useful and more valuable. When a man has spent several hundred dollars on some of these improvements he figures his farm is worth more than the amount expended over what it was before. He is willing to expend money inside of his boundary fences, but when asked to go out beyond this to the public highway, he is apt to feel that the amount of money spent is an expense that yields him no direct return. In fact, in a community, so far as the writer can ascertain, after a world wide study extending over 20 years, was the building of hard roads begun without the strongest opposition from those who were really to receive the largest benefit. Dire predictions were made that the property would be confiscated by the taxation, that the building of the roads would ruin the tax-payer. But every community that has had the experience of building hard roads, using them and paying for them, has continued to build more and more from year to year. They found that, while it called for the expenditure of money to meet the bills, that it lightened their burdens in many other ways, that it made life better, worth living, that there was more social life in the community, the children were better satisfied to stay upon the farm, and they could go to market any day in the year they liked, and thus take advantage of the market instead of the market taking advantage of them.

It is within the experience of millions of farmers that they had grain or live stock on hand ready to sell; the price was right, but the roads were so bad they could not reach the market. A few weeks later when the roads improved, perhaps there was a drop in the market.

The secretary of agriculture (and there is no higher authority) says that good roads, usable every day in the year, so the farmers can take advantage of market conditions, are worth two or three cents on every bushel of grain, and ten to thirty cents a hundred on cattle and hogs. Hence, with good roads the farm will produce a larger revenue, it is a more desirable place to live and it is worth more money.

If one were to go out to buy a farm, and when he alighted at the railway

road to my farm I can come in the ten miles with my produce easier than I could come in five miles with bad roads. Therefore to build a good road moves my farm in half way to town."

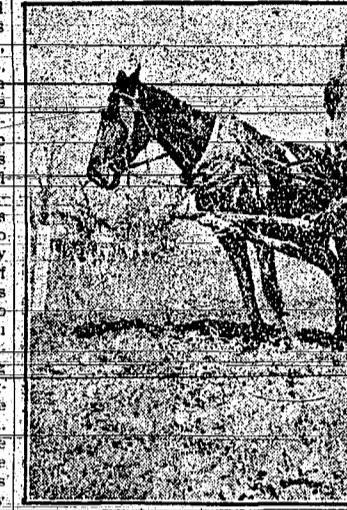
The writer has traveled in many states and foreign countries and studied the road problem. In every locality where good roads have been built the people are enthusiastic; they say they do not see how they ever could have gotten along so many years without them, for they have better schools, more social advantages, that the people live better, dress better and the people in town are strongly attracted to rural life; that where there was an opportunity to sell a farm once with the bad roads, there were several opportunities with the good ones.

If any state or community will take up the building of good roads upon the right basis, and spread the payments over a series of years, they will find it is the best investment they could possibly make. More than one-half the states now are assisting the townships to build good roads, by paying anywhere from one-third to three-fourths the cost. To aid road building the state of New York issued \$50,000,000 of bonds, and will spend \$5,000,000 per year for ten years upon the highways, assisting the counties and the states in permanently improving the main thoroughfares. This is a step in the right direction. Scores of states are doing the same thing in a

mud in the road was nearly a foot deep. No fair minded man will say that a crop can be marketed under such conditions as cheaply as when the roads are good, and a single team can handle the same at twice the speed.

The value of the farm does not depend alone upon what the soil will produce, but upon its accessibility to market, the environment and whether the farm is in every way desirable as a place to live. We spend money for pleasure and for comfort, and it is right that we should do so. Probably as a rule, too little is spent for this. Whenever good roads have been built, in any community, there has been a sharp advance in the price of land; because the farms are more accessible. The writer has in mind a county in northern Indiana, where about ten years ago a system of 24 miles of hard roads were built, covering the main highways of the township. About \$55,000 were spent upon the improvements, the payment spread over ten years. Within a year after the roads were built the farmers were asking and getting \$15 to \$25 an acre more for their farms than they could have gotten before the roads were built. In some cases the advance was even more. The increase in taxation was hardly felt.

One of the prominent residents of the township, in commenting upon the improvement, said that the building of the roads exerted a powerful influence



Two Mules Drawing One Bale of Cotton on Over Bad Road at Jackson, Tenn.

roads are almost impassable. The team and driver are in harmony in the road. Ought any one expect thrift in such surroundings? The next cut shows the same road a mile nearer town after it has been improved.

somewhat smalier way. In some states the counties are taking up the proposition, voting county bonds for this purpose. Wayne county, Michigan, last fall voted a bond issue of \$2,000,000, to be spent upon the highways of Wayne county. The state will also help, and all following the good roads, a town

ship high school was built, and arrangements made to carry the children to and from school. This was a great relief to the isolation, the young people were placed under the care of the school, who opened his house for the last supper? Nobody knows. But they were among the friends of Jesus.

In the New Testament we see the beginning of the great principle and that is about all. And the essential principle of Christianity is friendship, based on perfect love. Let us not forget the eleventh commandment. That is Christianity. We know that the Jewish religion made but a slight impression even upon those who professed it. The Greeks undertook to meet the longing of the human heart by culture, and marvelous were the achievements of that gifted empire; all the same, "the world by wisdom knew not God."

Then Rome incarnated a dream of power and colonized as far as the Danube, but with power came self

ishness and it crushed liberty to death. But Jesus came and said, "Ye are my friends." He said it to Greek and Roman. To Judah and to Israel. To Samaria and Paphlagon, Scythia and Pharsalia, and "To as many as believed on Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

And what did that mean? It meant that even on notorious tax-collector like Zacchaeus truly repents and restores his ill-gotten gains where they belong to the church.

In the last analysis it will be found that the building of highways adds to the value of the farm served by them

and that is sorry and she will promise to sin no more, she is to be forgiven. She is not to be stoned. Her sisters shall not say "Poor thing. We are

awfully sorry for her, you know, while all the time in their hearts they are not feeling kind at all. They are to help her go in peace. And men are

to be kind and help her. That is the idea. She is not to be tortured by regrets, and alarmed by fears, and even by conscience, but the evil spirits are to driven out of her, and into the door of her heart is to enter the angel of peace.

When Samaritans are full of prejudice, and bigotry, and hatred, "Shall we not call down fire from heaven and destroy them?" ask the apostles.

But Jesus answered "No! No! The son of man came not to kill but to save. To make alive."

"The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. Greater love hath man than this, that a man

lay down his life for his friends. But God commandeth His love to us in

the same way as the whale did for us."

"Oh, what is love? Who can fathom it? Who can define it? There is only

one who can do it, and that one is Jesus. For Jesus is the love of God

and friend. And today whether we

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the productivity of the farm along which

it passes, but it does not follow that

the net results are the same, whether

the roads are good or bad.

Only a few days ago the writer was

down in the corn belt of Illinois and

saw four horses hauling a load of corn

into town. It was all the horses could

do to handle the load, although the

country was comparatively level. The

Jesus, the Kingly Friend

By REV. F. E. HOPKINS, D. D., Pastor of First Congregational Church, Gary, Ind.

TENENT—Behold thy King cometh. John 12, 15.

Consider the friendship of Jesus as one of the kingly characteristics of his royal nature. The imperfection of our love is in his disquietude. With a few rare exceptions we are never quite satisfied that we have not given our love too easily, too quickly, or too freely. But it was not so with Jesus.

Having loved, he loved unto the end. And we believe that means not only unto the end of life and throughout eternity, but also unto the full capacity of his infinite love to love. Some one has said, "Jesus was a sower and not a reaper;" that "He had very few followers as compared with other great leaders or teachers."

The soundness of that statement is not at all clear. It seems to us that Jesus made friends quickly and that he had far more of them than most men who live only thirty-three years.

And whose work was revolutionary. It is certain no man's friends ever clung or clung more closely than the friends of Jesus. What man of thirty-three can name twelve friends to whom he has given a whole heart's devotion and received the same in return? This Jesus did and had. Even poor, misguided Judas was his friend.

And down to the moment when he left the upper room the master looked across the table, and in loving warning said: "The hand of him that betrayed me is with Me on the table." And after his great sin such remorse came in Judas' heart on account of the way he had abused the friendship of the Lord that he went out and hung himself.

Now men do not kill themselves for abusing those they hate. And, of course, all that the New Testament tells us about the kingly friend is a mere outline. Only a few names are given. What is the name of the friend who had the cold ready and waiting for Jesus at Bethpage when Jesus wanted to ride? Nobody knows. Who was the friend, "bearing the pitcher of water" through the streets of Jerusalem, who opened his house for the last supper? Nobody knows. But they were among the friends of Jesus.

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Crawford Avalanche.

C. PAULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE FLAG.

A Highly Important Decision From Rome. The Flag can go Anywhere.

The friction that occasionally arose between the Grand Army of the Republic and the authorities of the Catholic Church, in Brooklyn and Manhattan, regarding the draping of the American Flag over the casket of a veteran on the occasion of a funeral in a Catholic church, has been settled for all time by a decision just received from Rome by Past Commander James A. Rooney, of McPherson-Doane Post, G. A. R., granting such permission; and the decision will at once be promulgated throughout the United States.

Some time ago a case of the kind alluded to occurred at the funeral of a Catholic veteran, a member of Rankin Post, 10, G. A. R., at the Church of the Presentation, Rockaway and St. Marks Avenue, and Commander Whitlock of that Post reported the matter to the Memorial and Executive Committee of the Grand Army. The case was referred to a special committee, of which Past Commander Rooney was made chairman. He at once got in touch with Past Commander, George B. Loud, of the Manhattan Grand Army, so that both bodies might co-operate. Past Commander Rooney then advised with the ecclesiastical authorities of Brooklyn, the result of which was, that the following letter was drafted by Mr. Rooney and forwarded to Mgr. Diomedes Falconi, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington.

"I have been directed by the Grand Army of the Republic to ask you for an authoritative statement regarding the use of the American Flag at the funeral of Catholic veterans, when the services are held at a Catholic church, with a requiem mass, such statement to be used as a guide by the various Posts of the Grand Army in this vicinity, on such occasions, which are now becoming more and more frequent among the old soldiers.

"The reason for this request is that, on several recent occasions, the Flag has been ordered to be removed from the casket in the vestibule of the church, and was not allowed to remain on the casket as it was brought into the church, nor during the mass and final absolution. Many of our comrades who are not Catholics have

complained of this, and the majority of them being unacquainted with the Catholic church regulations in the matter, have taken umbrage at the removal of the Flag.

"Another reason is that there seems to be no uniformity in the regulation in the various parishes. In some the Flag being allowed to remain draped on the casket while in the church, while in others the Flag is ordered to be removed at the church entrance.

"This would seem to imply in absence of any uniform rule or regulation, and that each pastor is permitted to follow his own judgement, or inclination.

"The above is simply a statement of the facts in the case and is not intended as a criticism of any pastor or regulation, but is an endeavor to secure from you an authoritative ruling, if none exists, so that the various Posts of the Grand Army, in conducting the funerals of Catholic comrades, may be able to govern themselves accordingly and conform strictly with the regulations of the Church.

"If there is no rule or regulation in the Catholic Church allowing the American Flag to be draped on the casket of a deceased Catholic comrade during the requiem mass or other funeral service in a Catholic Church, I respectfully ask, on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic,

that you establish such a rule, or order the Flag to be allowed to be draped in the church on such occasions."

Mr. Rooney succeeded in interesting Cardinal Gibbons in the matter, and others of the clergy took it up, and gave it their nearly approval, some of them going to the extent of writing to the church authorities in Rome and to the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. The following is the letter of the Apostolic Delegate concerning the favorable decision of the sacred congregation of the Holy Office to which he had referred Mr. Rooney's letter.

Apostolic Delegation, United States of America, 1811 Baltimore Street, Washington, D. C. 18 April, 1911.

Please to find enclosed copy of a letter recently received from Rome, reprobating the National Flag in the churches of the United States.

D. FALCONI.

Apostolic Delegate.

"In view of the considerations set forth by his Most Reverend Lordship, the Apostolic Delegate, in so far as there will be no disrespect resulting in regard to the Church or the sacred liturgy, there is no objection."

Wishing in the meantime every good to your Excellency.

I remain your devoted servant.

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

The above decision gives to the Grand Army even more than was asked for, as it grants permission for the flag to be used during religious

ceremonies as well as at funerals. The decision extends throughout the entire United States, and will be promulgated through the usual diplomatic channels, so that it will be effective in all the parishes and cities of the country.

Grand Army a great deal of pleasure to have the vexing question finally determined in their favor.

Wins Fight for Life.

It was a long and bloody battle for life that was waged by James B. Merle, of Newark, N. J., of which he writes: "I had lost much blood from lung hemorrhages, and was very weak and run down. For eight months I was unable to work. Death seemed close on my heels, when I began, three weeks ago, to use Dr. King's New Discovery. But it has helped me greatly. It is doing all that you claim. For weak, sore lungs, obstructive cough, stubborn colds, rheumatism, la grippe, asthma, hay fever, or any throat or lung trouble, Dr. King's New Discovery is the best. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co."

U. S. Civil Service Examination.

A competitive examination under the rules of the U. S. Civil Service Commission will be held at Grayling, Michigan, on Saturday, June 24, 1911, for the position of fourth class postmaster at Deward, Michigan.

The examination will be of the character described under Section 5, subdivision A, of the Regulations.

As a result of the examination it is expected that certification will be issued for filling contemplated vacancy in the position of postmaster at the office named, and for other vacancies at that office, as they may occur, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement.

Applications for this examination must be made on the prescribed form, which, with necessary instructions, and copies of the regulations, may be obtained from the postmaster at Deward or from the Commission at Washington, D. C.

Applicants should forward their applications, so as to reach the Commission seven days before the date of the examination. All persons wishing to take this examination should secure and execute the required blanks at once in order to have time for any necessary corrections.

U. S. Civil Service Commission
Washington, D. C.

A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, pick-axe, or of any other nature, demands prompt and efficient medical treatment to prevent blood poisoning, gangrene, and the quick sure healer for all such wounds, as also for Burns, Boils, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Chapped hands, Corns or Fingers, Localized Ulcers &

Wounds of the Liver, etc. Lewis &

Oliver Sathers No Discomfort.

The process by which the ostrich is made to give up its plumage for the dressing of women is said to cause the long-legged bird no more discomfort than a man experiences in having his hair cut.

The feathers are plucked off about an inch from the neck, and in about a month the stump of the quill comes out quite easily.

Only One Worthy of Honor.

It is not a world for men to take this ease in, but a man's duty is to serve his country for the right cause.

It is not a world for the right cause to be served, for the sake of gain, for the selfish purposes of ambition; but a world for generous self-sacrifice, for sacrifice and heroic toil. Only he shall be honored of men who is found to have accomplished something for human happiness and human good—nothing less.

A City Boy and a Cow.

Young Robert was much interested in looking over the pictures in his father's primer. He lives not so far from the stock yards in West Philadelphia, and has been told that the animals are slaughtered. He became highly excited over the picture of a cow "Mamma, mamma," he cried, "I see a cow in the street and a man was going to kill her for milk."

Philadelphia Times.

Hide Dismal Secrets.

It is said that there are hundreds of ancient buildings which possess long secret passages, and during excavations in London long-forgotten tunnels are often encountered. Underneath Lismore castle, Ireland, one of the seats of the Duke of Devonshire, are one or two curious secret tunnels leading to spacious caves in which skeletons and uniforms have been found.

Coy.

The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is indecent to advertise for a husband, I refrain from doing so; but if any gentleman should be inclined to advert. for a wife I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, am domesticated and considered ladylike. Apply" etc.

The Autocrat's Story.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read to a story to the effect that a man called early one morning to see his pastor, and a little girl of 9 opened the door to him. "Father is not at home," she said, "but if you have come to talk about your soul, you had better come in for I understand the whole plan of salvation."

Work Will Soon Start.

After you take Dr. King's New Life Pill and you'll quickly enjoy their fine results. Consumption and indigestion. They regulate stomach, liver and bowels and improve your strength and energy to the whole system. Try them. Only \$1.50 at A. M. Lewis & Co.

REDUCED FARES
NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

EXCURSION

via
Michigan Central
Sunday, June 11, 1911
(Returning same day)

**BAY CITY \$1.40
SAGINAW \$1.60**

Train leaves 7:00 a. m.

Tickets accepted in coaches only.
Baggage will not be checked on these tickets.

In addition to above fares, tickets will also be sold between all stations (where the one-way fare is \$1.00 or less) at which this train is scheduled to stop at one and one-half fare for the round trip, with minimum of twenty-five cents.

No. 196 June 11.

Excursion

via
Michigan Central
SUNDAY,
JUNE 4, 1911
(Returning the same day)

DETROIT \$2.25

Train leaves 1:35 a. m.

Tickets accepted in coaches only.
Baggage will not be checked on these tickets.

In addition to above fares, tickets will also be sold between all stations (where the one-way fare is \$1.00 or less) at which this train is scheduled to stop at one and one-half fare for the round trip, with minimum of twenty-five cents.

No. 198 June 4.

For Particulars Consult Agents

Sunday Excursions

AT
Low Fares
To Certain Points
ON THE
Michigan Central

Good going and returning only on Sunday, date of sale. All regular trains scheduled to reach original starting point on return trip at or prior to midnight of date of sale.

No. 188 June 4.

NOTICE:

Notice of record of tax deed, all interest in the land herein described, and for the payment of any taxes, interest, or other charges, recorded mortgages against said land or any assignments thereof of record.

Take Notice that said has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned of the amount of the taxes, interest, and other charges, and of all sums paid upon each purchase together with one hundred per cent additional thereto, and the fees of the sheriff for service or cost of publication of this notice, to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

In the County of Crawford,
Michigan, State, New Ring, April 10, 1911.

NELSON C. COTABISH,
Place of business Lakewood, Ohio.
Dated May 10th A. D. 1911.

To Annie E. Pease, Grantee under the last recorded deed in the regular chain of title to said land.

Marion Valley, Grantee under re-

corded deed from party having no title of record.

None. Grantee under the last re-

corded tax deed issued by the Auditor General.

None. Mortgage named in a regis-

tered record of all undischarged

recorded mortgages.

None. The person in actual pos-

session of said land.

May 22-4w

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE

COUNTY OF CRAWFORD

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Grayling in said County, on the 17th day of May A. D. 1911.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ira H. Richardson, deceased.

Frank H. Richardson, having filed in said court his petition praying for an adjudication and decree, who, at the time of his death, was the sole heir of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is ordered, that the sixteenth day of June A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing and settling the estate.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the CRAWFORD AVANCHE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

May 22-4w

Royal Valley Coffees

Your old brand of coffee may be giving you satisfaction; but if there is something better, and it is more economical—because you don't need to use so much of it—why, you want it, don't you?

SOMETHING BETTER!

is the demand of progressive people today; and in preparing Royal Valley Coffees for you, Peter Smith & Sons have "something better" in view than everything else. A lot of people who are very particular (as they should be) about their coffee, have tried Royal Valley.

NERO, MARIGOLD OR TZAR

coffee, and they're enthusiastic about them. More people are trying them, and buying them every day. No such coffee was ever seen in this town before. Right away you will notice the difference—the

RICHER FLAVOR

and stronger "body"; and it's a difference that will make YOU, as it has thousands of others—an everlasting friend and constant user of one of these splendid blends.

Royal Valley NERO is 25c, MARIGOLD is 30c and TZAR 35c per pound and they mean BETTER COFFEE, at less cost, for every family in this vicinity.

Sold only by

M. SIMPSON.

1878. 1911.

The Pioneer Store

With you for over a quarter of a century.

FIRST CLASS GOODS!

RIGHT PRICES!

Always our Motto.

We are headquarters for

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JUNE 1
Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday forenoon, and can not be considered later.

Look for the blue X after your name. It means time is up.

Horses bought and sold at Langevin's Livery Barn.

Call on George Langevin for dry wood, to be promptly delivered.

Horses bought and sold at Langevin's Livery Barn.

Two houses for sale, for particulars inquire of Mrs. H. Joseph, at her residence.

Attorney J. B. Ross of West Branch was in town last Friday on business with the court.

FOR SALE—Three desirable lots in Rossie's addition to village of Grayling, for prices etc. inquire of Mrs. J. B. Woodburn.

Mr. John Johnson and wife, came up from Lansing, and their daughter Helen from her school at Gaylord Saturday for a little visit. Miss Johnson had to return Monday but the others remained till Wednesday p.m.

FOR SALE—A good dwelling house and three lots on block 28 Rossie's add Village of Grayling. \$2,000. Wright Havens.

It is worse than useless to take any medicines internally for muscular or chronic rheumatism. All that is needed is a few application of Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One side board, two beds and springs, parlor suit and Piano. T. Boesom. Call at H. P. Hansen's.

Gentlemen when you get ready for a new suit, call in and see Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop over Collen's Restaurant, A. E. Hendrickson.

June 1-24

The uniform success that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has made it a favorite everywhere. It can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

FOR SALE—A full line of buggies and harness for sale at my livery barn. A few second hand rigs, and anything you want, new, from the factory. Call and if you do not find what you want in stock, find it in the catalogue. Geo. Langevin.

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with especially during the summer months; viz Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? For sale by all dealers.

The demand for flowers the last week nearly cleaned out the Cook Greenhouse, besides large consignment brought in from Bay City. This is Mr. Cook's first year here, and we expect that our prediction of his success will be fully proven.

While for the past month parts of the clay sections in the southern parts of the state have been parched by heat and drought, we have been favored with a little more than plenty of rain as it has delayed somewhat the planting of spring crops, but grass and grain never looked more promising here.

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has been used in many epidemics of this disease with perfect success. For sale by all dealers.

About four hundred and fifty pupils of our school enjoyed almost a half holiday last Monday, with a sort of lawn fete, and love feast, under the shade of the school grounds. Patriotic songs were sung, a little "Gafest" had, and the pleasure ended by a grand salute to the flag.

The woman of today who has good health, good temper, good sense, bright eyes and a lovely complexion, the result of correct living and good digestion, wins the admiration of the world. If your digestion is faulty Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will correct it. For sale by all dealers.

Messrs. D. E. and W. R. Matheson of the Roscommon Herald, with Prof. Call, Principal of the High School, and Messrs. Harry McConkey, Burton Circuit, H. J. DeWaele, E. A. Gaffney, Bert Rose and A. J. Price, all of that village drove up to "The only town on the map" in two cars Tuesday to see our boys wail the Schems of Saginaw on the diamond, the second time this week. They seemed nearly as pleased as our own bunch with the result.

A Charming Woman

is one who is lovely in face, form, mind and temper. But it is hard for a woman to be charming without health. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney problems show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wrinkled complexion. But electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood, give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion and perfect health. Try them. \$50 at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Decoration Day.

The Clerk of the weather could not have favored one section of the state with finer weather had he tried. Warm enough, and cool enough, the sun could not have been more bright, or the breezes more pleasant. The Citizens Band in their light uniforms marched to the G. A. R. Hall at 1:30 when the "Assembly" was sounded from the bugle. During the formation of the column, the "Picture Friend" with his camera appeared, and took direct aim, at close quarters, at the few surviving veterans. The casualties were not reported.

Scores of flower bearers from the school were in line, and soon the opera house was crowded, and the audience called to order by Judge Waldron, officer of the day.

An overture by the Band was followed by an "Invocation to the Great Commander" by Rev. James Ivey, Pastor of the M. E. church, and vocal music by nearly half a hundred children from the middle grade of our school.

Commander Havens gave the command "Attention," and the usual ritual work of the Post was completed and followed by a patriotic song by three score of voices from the first and second grades.

Rev. J. J. Riess, Pastor of St. Mary's church was called and gave an oration, that met a glad response in the hearts of every veteran present as he dwelt on the history of their rank or creed or color, nationality or political or social distinction. It was the ideal of fraternal comradeship. It was a polished, oratorical and scholarly address, such as has been seldom heard from our rostrum.

A benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. H. Fleming of the Presbyterian church and the column again formed for their march to "The City of our Dead" where every comrade grave was dressed with flowers and the nations flag they loved so well was planted there.

The Ladies of the G. A. R. formed their Circle about the "Silent Mound," with the comrades and members of the W. R. C. to pay just tribute to our dead who are resting in unknown graves in the sunny south land, where they fell.

Led by the Band, the return march to the G. A. R. Hall was made, and troops disbanded, to partake of a sumptuous banquet prepared by our two auxiliary societies, where nearly or quite four hundred were fed and the day was done.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chalker came down from Maple Forest for decoration day and took a little time after to visit.

Wm. C. Johnson of Cheney was in the village last week, the first time since last fall. He seems as young as at 20 years ago.

Malted milk is conceded to be fine for coffee, but some babies strenuously object to being robbed of their allowance. W. R. C's.

Mrs. Daniel Whipple and her daughter Mrs. Otis Rhoden of Kalkaska were here with old friends from Saturday to Tuesday p.m.

Conrad Howes came down from Maple Forest the 26, to close his account in Probate Court with the estate of the late Charles Johnson.

The Citizens Band pleased everybody by their music, Tuesday, and especially by the evening concert from the band stand. They were out with 20 pieces.

Mr. D. Fleming of West Branch, a brother of Rev. J. H. Fleming of this place was here last Thursday on business, and of course the "boys" had a little family visit.

Mrs. James Ivey and Miss Ivey took the Monday morning train for Oneida, for a brief visit. Had a tedious wait of over three hours on account of the train being late from Detroit.

The teachers who arranged and trained the hundred little ones for the Decoration-day music, in so short a time are entitled to great credit, and must prove a winning card toward popularity.

Mrs. W. Havens and family were made happy last Saturday by the arrival of her sister Mrs. Nettie McKone and her daughter Edna, from Cedar Springs for an extended visit in the "only town on the map."

Our Base Ball Club taught the Schems of Saginaw how to play ball, Monday and Tuesday, the score being 4 to 2 and 5 to 4 in favor of Grayling. They were the only games lost by the Schems this year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hanson; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hanson; Mrs. Godfrey Jeorgensen and her daughter will leave next Saturday morning for New York City, from where they start June 6 across the "Pond" for Denmark, for a summer visit. They expect to be home about September 1st. Favorable winds and quiet waves are hoped for their passage.

Card of thanks.

The Ladies of W. R. C. wish to express their sincere thanks to the friends and singers who so kindly assisted them on May 21st, at the Danner Hall at the presentation of the flag to the church, and especially to R. Hanson for the interesting response given by him; also to the Ladies of the church for the beautiful lunch served by them, and the kind hospitality shown us.

Richardson deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the fifth day of May A. D. 1911, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against and to deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling in said county, on or before the fifth day of September A. D. 1911, and that said claims will be heard by the court on Tuesday the fifth day of September A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Mrs. McCallamore has her granddaughter visiting her from Bay City.

Mrs. Lottie Owens is staying with Mrs. Underhill for a while.

W. R. C.

Memorial Day.

Last Sunday was ideal from a weather stand point, and the annual union memorial service for our soldiers dead, held this year in the Presbyterian church was well attended considering the change in conditions wrought by the "Grim Reaper." When the country had but about half its present population, we could muster, on such an occasion, about a hundred veterans, while this year but seven were present, and we could call to mind less than as many more, whom we might have expected.

The earnest invocation by Rev. Jas. Ivey and his appropriate morning lesson for the occasion was given close attention, and application to the subject of the hour seemed complete.

The sermon by Rev. J. H. Fleming was an effort worthy the comrade and the time filled with facts that touched the hearts of comrades and congregation alike, as he pictured the terrible cost of the great struggle, and followed with a description of the gains secured.

Special music had been arranged by the choir, who were assisted by Messrs. F. Alexander and C. J. Hathaway, and was fully appreciated.

Garfield Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R.

Sunday afternoon the Circle, with friends, filled the G. A. R. hall and gave a pleasant hour for all in the teaching of the principles of patriotism.

A dozen or more of little ones, from 6 to 12 years of age, gave recitations, readings and songs appropriate for this memorial Sabbath day, proving that they were being taught to abhor the crimes of treason and to revere the flag as the emblem of freedom.

At the close of this, P. M., M. A. Bates gave a very interesting description of a trip made last fall with a bunch of other P. Ms. and their wives, to the battlefields of Chattanooga, Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, and the National Cemeteries with each, all of which are in charge of the general government. His descriptions of the hundreds of monuments, the place of batteries and line of battle during the terrific struggles there, were full of interest and will be long remembered, especially by the younger people, as well as the historical data, of the strength of the opposing forces and their respective loss. His reference to long lines of marble markers, carved with the one word "Unknown" evoked the most tender sympathy of all present.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon.

Armonr & Co. Star Hams and Bacon

FOR RESORT TRADE.

Peoples Market

F. H. MILKS Prop'r.

M. E. Church.

Sunday, June 4, 1911. The regular services at the M. E. church for next Sunday are as follows:

Preaching at 10:30 a.m.—Subject—"Not Ashamed of the Gospel."

11:30 a.m.—Sunday School.

3:00 p.m.—Junior League.

6:30 p.m.—Epworth League.—Subject—"True Wisdom."

7:30 p.m.—Public service.—Subject—"Listen to God if you would have Him Listen to you."

7:30 p.m.—Thursday, General Prayer Meeting.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

Non-Church goers are especially invited.

JAMES IVEY, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Sunday, June 1, 1911.

Mid-week prayer meeting—Thursday 7:30 p.m.

Preaching service 10:30 a.m.—Subject—"The Gospel Message and the Messenger."

All are cordially invited to attend these services.

J. HUMPHREY FLEMING, Pastor.

LEVELS LOCALS.

Our weather for the past few days has been perfect. If the frost will only keep off, the farmers and gardeners will be satisfied.

Dr. Underhill is having a fine addition to his already pretty residence.

Mrs. Husted from West Branch is visiting her two daughters here.

T. E. Douglas is erecting a garage for his auto near the store where it will be easy to get at.

Mrs. A. Arnold (our school teacher) wife was called away to her home at Sterling and will not return as the school term closes so soon.

L. C. Ryburn finds it hard to manage his ranch as he has no one to take the place of J. V. Miller.

Quite a number of our people were disappointed at not getting down to Grayling to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new hospital, the weather was so bad.

Mr. Terhune preached here on Sunday morning, and Mr. Arnold in the evening.

Mrs. D. Bush from Saginaw is visiting friends down the river.

Mrs. J. J. Kennedy is visiting her mother in Detroit.

Mrs. McCallamore has her granddaughter visiting her from Bay City.

Mrs. Lottie Owens is staying with Mrs. Underhill for a while.

W. R. C.

WILLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

W. R. C.

Ceresota Flour!

Same as always, The Best.

Sweet Cream

in any quantity.

Everything Fresh in Staple and Fancy Groceries at

BRINK'S GROCERY

AROUND THE CORNER.

FRESH SALT

AND SMOKED

Meats

Every thing in Cooked and Canned Meat for Fishing and Camping.



Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon.

Armonr & Co. Star Hams and Bacon

FOR RESORT TRADE.

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11:30 a.m.—Sunday School.

The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shoot with his friend Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened of a burly Hindu. He declares her is Quain's fair Chatterell, the appointed centerpiece of the Bell, addresses Amber as a "son of a billy goat." The mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears with the door was aware of a slight jar, as though some more than ordinary brutal gust of wind had shaken the house upon its foundation, or an inner door had been slammed violently. But otherwise he had so little evidence that his summons had failed on aught but empty walls or deaf ears that he had begun to debate his right to enter without permission, when a chain rattled, a bolt grated, and the door swung wide. A flood of radiance together with a gust of heated air struck him in the face. Dazzled, he receded across the threshold.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

He had, then, these alternatives: he might either compose himself to hug the leeward side of a duck till daybreak (or till relief should come) or else undertake a five-mile tramp on the desperate hope of finding at the end of it the tide out and the sandbar a safe footway from shore to shore. Between the two he vacillated not at all, anything were preferable to a night in the dunes, beaten by the implacable storm, haunted by the thought of Quain, and even though he were to find the eastern causeway under water, at least the exercise would have served to keep him from freezing.

Ten minutes after his last cartridge had been fruitlessly discharged, he set out for the ocean beach, pausing at the first dune he came upon to scrape a shallow trench in the sand and cache therein both gun and his cachebag. Marking the spot with a bit of driftwood stuck upright, he pressed on, eventually pausing on the overhanging lip of a 20-foot bluff. To its foot the bencs below was awfully knee-deep with wash of breakers.

Alarmed and disappointed, Amber drew back. The beach was impassable; here was no wide and easy road to the east, such as he had thought to find; to gain the sandbar he had now to thread a tortuous and uncertain way through the bewildering dunes. A demon of anxiety prodded him, on; he must learn Quain's fate, or go mad. Once on the mainland it was a matter of facility to find his way to the village of Shampton, telephone Tanglewood and charter a team to convey him thither. He shut his teeth on his determination and set his face to the east.

Beset and roughly buffeted by the gale, the snow settling in ringing drifts in the folds of his clothing and upon his shoulders clinging like a cloth; his face cut by clouds of sand, lashed horizontally with wet hair; the force of birdshot from a gun; he bowed to the blast and plodded steadily on.

Imperceptibly fatigued, benumbed, his senses blunted the keen edge of his emotions; even the dare for Quain became a mere dull ache in the back of his perceptions; of physical suffering he was unconscious. He fell a prey to freakish fancies. For a long time he moved on in stupid, wondering contemplation of a shining crescent of sand-buckled by a green, steaming wreath of jungle. Many visions formed and dissolved in dream-like phantoms: magnolia, but of them all the strongest and most recurrent was that of the girl in the black riding-habit, walking by his side down the aisle of trees. So that presently the tired and overwrought man believed himself talking with her, reasoning, arguing, pleading desperately for his heart's desire; and, wakened with a start, to hear the echo of her voice as though she had spoken but the instant gone, to find his own lips framing the syllables of her name—"Sophia!"

Abruptly he regained consciousness of his plight, and with an effort shook his senses back into his head. It was not precisely a time when he could afford to let his wits go wool-gathering. Inflexible of purpose in the face of all his weariness and discouragement, he was on the point of resuming his march when he was struck by the circumstance that the whirring shoulders of a gull, a gull near at hand, should seem as if frosty with light—coldly luminous.

Stringing speculatively, he hung in the wind—inqusitive as a cat—but loath to waste time in footless inquiry. The showy, setting in with augmented violence, decided him. Where light was, there should be man, and where man—shelter.

His third eager stride opened up a wide basin in the dunes, filled with eddying veils of snow, and set at some distance, with two brilliant squares of light—windows in an invisible dwelling. In the space between them, doubtless, there would be a door. But a second time he paused, remembering that the island was said to be uninhabited. Only yesterday he had asked and been so informed.

Odd!

So passing strange he held it. Indeed, that he was conscious of a singular reluctance to question the phenomenon. He had positively to force himself on to seek the door, and even when he had stumbled against its step he twice lifted his hand, as if it had without knowing.

There was not a sound within that he could hear above the clamour of the goblin night.

In the end, however, he knocked stoutly enough.

CHAPTER IV.

The Man Perdu.

A shadow swept swiftly across one of the windows, and the stranger at the door was aware of a slight jar, as though some more than ordinary brutal gust of wind had shaken the house upon its foundation, or an inner door had been slammed violently. But otherwise he had so little

evidence that his summons had failed on aught but empty walls or deaf ears that he had begun to debate his right to enter without permission, when a chain rattled, a bolt grated, and the door swung wide. A flood of radiance together with a gust of heated air struck him in the face. Dazzled, he receded across the threshold.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

He had, then, these alternatives: he might either compose himself to hug the leeward side of a duck till daybreak (or till relief should come) or else undertake a five-mile tramp on the desperate hope of finding at the end of it the tide out and the sandbar a safe footway from shore to shore. Between the two he vacillated not at all, anything were preferable to a night in the dunes, beaten by the implacable storm, haunted by the thought of Quain, and even though he were to find the eastern causeway under water, at least the exercise would have served to keep him from freezing.

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Rutton had dashed his tumbler to the shadows; Amber could make nothing of his curious reticence, and remained silent, waiting a further explanation. It came, presently, with an effect of embarrassment.

"I had—have, peculiar reasons for not wishing my refuge here to be discovered. I told Doggett to be careful, should be any man we know about me, David, says that I am my self!"

"Well—when you put it that way—little enough nothing," Amber laughed nervously, "discovered. But, yet, it seemed—impossible that you should be here of all place—now, this foolish talk about hiding is all I can say!"

"No," said Rutton soberly, "no, it's no joke." He sighed profoundly. "As for my recent whereabouts, I have been—traveling considerably; moving about from pillar to post." To this the man added a single word, the more significant in that it embodied the nearest approach to a confidence that Amber had ever known him to make: "Hunted."

"Hunted by whom?" Rutton bent forward and pushed the cigarettes to Amber's elbow. "I am—ah—so pre-occupied with my own mean troubles, David, that I had forgotten that you had nothing to smoke. Forgive me."

"That's a matter, I—" Amber cut short his impatient cackling in deference to the other's mere plea. And Rutton thanked him with a glance—one of these looks which, between friends, are more eloquent than words. Sighing, he stuck his hand, his eyes once more seeking

that back of the failure lies all the material of future success.

"But manhood is more difficult. Love and trust, often betrayed, are not easy for one full grown and far along the path of life. That friendship is best, which is old and which, like wine, has stood the test of time. Friendships born in obscurity and misfortune are harder and more lasting—in those born in ease. Like human characters, they grow strong on the very obstacles that test them; they are firm, more strongly welded as they over-

tell you nothing more. I'm sorry."

"But only let me help you—any way in my power, Rutton. There's nothing I'd not do."

"I know, David, I know it. But my case is beyond human aid, since I am powerless to apply a remedy myself."

"And you are powerless?"

Rutton was silent a long moment.

There is one way"

"He re-sung his monotonous round of the room.

Mechanically, Amber began to smoke, trying hard to think, to penetrate by reasoning or intuition the wall of mystery which it seemed, Rutton.

Rutton turned to the fire, his head drooping despondently.

ton chose to set between himself and the world.

Presently he grew conscious that Rutton was standing as if listening.

He divested himself of his coat.

"After all, the world is quite as tiny as the worn-out aphorism has it. To think that you should mind me here!

It's less than a week since Doggett

and I hit upon this place and settled down, quite convinced we had, at last,

lost ourselves and might have

peace, for a little space at least! And now," concluded Rutton, "we have to move on."

"Because I've found you here?"

"Because you have found me."

"I don't understand."

"My dear boy, I never meant you should."

"But if you're in any danger—"

"I am not."

"You're not! But you just said—"

"I'm in no danger, whatever; humanity is, if I'm found."

"I don't follow you at all."

Again Rutton snuffed wearily.

"I didn't expect you to, David. But this misadventure makes it necessary that I should tell you something; you must be made to believe in me. I beg you to; I'm neither mad nor making game of you." There was no questioning the same sincerity of the man. He continued slowly. "It's a simple fact—incredible but absolute; that, were my whereabouts to be made public, a great, a staggering blow would be

struck against the peace and security of the world."

Presently he grew conscious that Rutton was standing as if listening.

Rutton was standing as if listening.

He divested himself of his coat.

"What is it?" he inquired at length,

unable longer to endure the tenseness of the pause.

"Nothing, I beg your pardon, David."

Rutton returned to his chair,

making a visible effort to shake off his preoccupation. "It's an ugly night, out there. Luckily, you blundered in this place. Tell me how it happened. What became of the other man—your friend?"

The thought of Quain stabbed Amber's consciousness with a moment's pain as keen as acute physical anguish. He jumped up in torment.

"God!" he cried choking. "I'd forgotten! He's out there on the bar-"

". . . . peer devil," freezing to death if not drowned. Our boat went adrift somehow; Quain would insist on going after her in a leaky old skiff we found on the shore and didn't come back. I waited till it was hopeless, then concluded I'd make a try across to Shampton by way of the tidal bar. And I must!"

"It's impossible," Rutton told him with grave sympathy.

"But I must think of his wife and children, Rutton. There's a chance yet—a bare chance; he may have reached the boat. If he did, every minute I waste here is killing him by inches; he'll die of exposure! But from Shampton we could send a boat."

The tide falls about midnight, interrupted Rutton, consulting his watch. "It's after nine, and there's a heavy surf breaking over the bar now. By ten it'll be impassable, and you couldn't reach it before it. Be content, David; you're powerless."

You're right; I know that, groaned Amber, his head in his hands. I was afraid it was hopeless, but—but—

"I know, dear boy, I know!"

With a gesture of despair, Amber raised his head and stared into Rutton's eyes, blanching his face. "I looked up, knowing that you'd—know about Quain—that we were together," he asked.

Doggett saw you land this morning, and I've been watching you all day with my field-glasses, prepared to take cover the minute you turned my way. Don't be angry with me, David; it wasn't that I didn't yearn to see you face to face again, but that I didn't dare."

"Oh, that!" exclaimed Amber with an exasperated fling of his hand. "Be warned, two of you—you and Quain—you'll drive me mad with worry."

"I'm sorry, David, I only wish I might say more. It hurts a bit to have you doubt me."

"I don't doubt," Amber declared in desperation. "At least, I mean won't if you'll be sensible and let me stand by and say you through this trouble—whatever it is."

Rutton turned to the fire, his head drooping despondently. "That may not be," he said heavily. "The greatest service you can do me is to forget my existence, and henceforth to erase our friendship from the table of your memory. Treat me as a scum, a scum should our ways ever cross again." He flicked the stub of a cigar into the flames. "Kifnaf."

"I mean that, David, from my heart."

Won't you do this for me—one last favor, old friend?"

Amber nodded.

"Then Rutton attempted to dry the subject. "I think you said Quain? Any relation to Quain?"

"Aryan-Invasion of India?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IDEALS ALWAYS IMPORTANT.

It is by believing in, loving and following illustrious ideals that a man grows great. Their very impossibility is their highest virtue. They live before us as the image of that which we are to grow for, ever. Stopford Brooke.

"You mean," Amber asked, uncertainly, "thought transference?"

"Something of the sort—yes." The man came to a pause beside Amber, looking with a glance—one of these looks which, between friends, are more eloquent than words. Sighing, he stuck his hand, his eyes once more seeking

that back of the failure lies all the material of future success.

"But manhood is more difficult. Love and trust, often betrayed, are not easy for one full grown and far along the path of life. That friendship is best, which is old and which, like wine, has stood the test of time. Friendships born in obscurity and misfortune are harder and more lasting—in those born in ease. Like human characters, they grow strong on the very obstacles that test them; they are firm, more strongly welded as they over-

40 YEARS A BANDIT

Old Bill Miner, Stage Coach and Train Robber.</p

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

By Force of Cheek

By CARL JENKINS

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Major Bingham, of the artillery, retired for these last ten years, was just getting settled in his big rocking chair on the veranda for an afternoon snooze, when Miss Bingham appeared with her sewing and settled down near at hand to say:

"John, Helen went into the city this morning."

"Didn't I see her go?" he almost shouted.

"Helen was twenty-one years old last Saturday."

"Don't I know it? Didn't it cost me a hundred dollars?"

"Helen is a queer girl."

"What's that got to do with my nap?" Hang that sly!"

"I'm afraid Helen won't get married," continued the wife in placid tones.

"Let her stay single then."

"She's so curious. Several eligible young men have been attracted, and then—then—"

"And then distracted."

"Yes, you might say so. She holds them at a distance. She makes them afraid of her. I have hoped that a young man with a little more confidence in himself would come along, but I fear Helen will live and die an old maid."

"And I don't fear any such thing. She's too much like her father for that. And don't you fear that the right man won't come along in due time. In war you must first reconnoiter the enemy's position—then carry it with a rush. That settles that, and now you can leave me to my nap."

The obedient Mrs. Bingham retired on-tiptoe, and the sleepy Major John Bingham drove away the pesky fly for

trip. Miss Helen fully realized her embarrassing position. Here was a gentleman who took her for some other young lady, and she was selling under false colors, but every time she got ready to explain he broke in with more talk. She finally decided that the best way out of it was to let him nurse his mistake. He would never see her again, and perhaps he would never be the wiser. When she was reached he assisted her to alight and lifted his hat in good-bye.

It was almost the first incident of her life out of the common. She was a trifle vexed, and yet she could not say why. There was a funny side to the affair, and yet she would have felt better over it had there been more for mality. She told the story at the dinner table and the comment of the father was:

"I call it a cheeky thing. Reminds me of how I captured fifty of the enemy in a body at Missionary Ridge by pointing an unloaded canon at them and threatening to fire. Shouldn't a bit wonder if he would call and pretend to remember me. If he does

The Major didn't say what would happen, but wife and daughter knew it would be something awful. And yet they were mistaken. As a matter of fact, Brix Langley called the next day.

The Major sat on the veranda smoking, and the caller greeted him with:

"My dear Major, but you don't know how glad I am to see you! You are surely looking fine."

"I am," replied the man of war as he looked the young fellow over and failed to remember him.

"Major, you and your wife saved the day at Chickamauga. I want to know if you won't deliver a series of lectures on that and other battles."

"Why, I never thought of such a thing."

Mean to have spoken to your daughter's redeemer. Think it over, and you can interest thousands to hear some this afternoon."

The Major showed the caller into the parlor and invited Miss Helen and whispered in her ear:

"I'll tell fifty dollars he's the same as you were yesterday. Get him home."

Fenella held up her hand. "Let me say no more," she said. "But Billy goes with me. You are guardian of his property—no court will take a child of three away from a fit mother."

"But you are not fit—" madame began, her eyes blazing.

Fenella sprang up for a minute she gained the stairhead with the older woman panting ponderously at the

"Of course, of course," laughed the man of cheek as he presented his card. "I should have thought of that."

"And I have not brother Brix," she said a little stiffly.

"No, I was wrong."

"And I have not been to Europe."

"No, again." How could I have been so mistaken?"

"But the folks are well. Many interested."

"My dear Miss Bingham, I beg a thousand pardons. I was sure you were she. If you had told me—if you had confided to me, the slightest hint—"

"But you did so much talking I couldn't—" laughed the hostess, and the caller laughed with her and said:

"Then I am to proceed upon the fact that you are not somebody else. Very well."

All things considered the call was a success. Mr. Langley was not asked to repeat it, but that was of no consequence to a man of cheek. He reappeared in three days' time, and the Major was rather glad to see him, and the Mrs. Major was introduced, and as for the daughter—she was curious, if no more.

There was a third call and a fourth, and it finally got to be a regular thing, and one day when Miss Helen was at the village post office the mother awoke the Major from his nap to say:

"John, I'm wondering if Mr. Langley is attracted."

"Attracted," yelled the Major at the top of his voice. "You must be getting deaf."

"Then he isn't?"

"Why, he's head-over-heels in love with Helen, and when you asked me in the ribs I thought it was he, and that he wanted to ask my consent to the marriage. Attracted! Hump!"

He's carried the enemy's position by cheek."

Wanted the Drunks.

There is a recent importation in the waiter line in the case of a new hotel waiter, who is acquiring the nomenclature of American drinks slowly. A patron of the cafe who said he was trying to break up a cold gave the waiter an order the other day for an old-fashioned rock and rye. A minute or two later the waiter returned and solemnly placed on the table a bottle of rye whisky and another of a well-known mineral water.

"That reminds me of a new waiter we had," said the manager of another hotel. "A man upstairs ordered for himself and friend, and it did not reach him as soon as he wanted it. He summoned the room waiter. The result was that the latter telephoned this message down:

"De gentleman in 454 say send up de drunks queek!"—New York Sun.

Nothing of the sort.

"I say, Mrs. Comeup, are the young people going to have any oculist entertainment at their party this evening?"

"No, indeed, as pa says, them old kinskin' games is good enough for us."

A Painful Disclosure.

"She says she wouldn't wear a hobble skirt."

"Brave girl!"

However, I suspect, it's because he not only saw her to the car but took a seat beside her for the ten miles; she's so pigeon-toed."

ONE WAY OUT

By Martin McClellan Williams

(Copyright, 1901, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Go wherever, wherever, you please. But understand—you can't take my grandson. Remember, I'm his legal guardian. Mine Steel raid in a hard

measured voice, not looking at Fenella, but over her head.

"I won't kill myself. You make it appear that this is the only way out." Fenella said superbly.

"The judge drew a deep breath. "George! If only they were not you, I believe you'd conquer fate," he said.

"You did it anyway—only fate has

recess to be a woman."

"Thank you," Fenella said, still superb. Suddenly she crumpled in her chair, sobbing hard. "I can starve myself—and laugh over it," she said at last. "But Billy. Suppose he had

actually to go home?" the judge said almost eagerly.

"Yes, you won't go home," the judge said almost eagerly. Fenella

nodded again. "Only I had a home

to go to, this place. It would be

gentler, she managed to say at last.

I had a home—the cabin. Billy took

me up in the mountains. But the

cabin—it had been only a prison!

"I shall leave your house immediately," she said. "All the answer I

make you is this, because you are

Billy's grandmother. I am sorry you

choose to insult me. Out of respect

to his father's memory, I can not pro-

voke you to do it any more."

"As you will. But I shall keep

you here. I have taken advice," ma-

dame began.

Fenella held up her hand. "Let me

say no more," she said. "But Billy goes with me. You are guardian of

his property—no court will take a

child of three away from a fit mother."

"But you are not fit—" madame

began, her eyes blazing.

"How? Only tell me how? You

say it was her who I sent to prison?"

"I am sorry, but I can have a pony."

"Certainly," the judge interrupted.

"And three square meals, a French

dresser and a coffee-education. Also

again a better training than his daddy,

again."

"Never," the judge said. "You see

I love the little chap. Can't you

guess the reason?" Fenella said.

"You loved his father?" Fenella

asked, looking at him.

"The judge smiled. "Well enough,

but not as I love his little mother," he said.

"Fairy—I called you that the

very first time I saw you," he said.

"You were never so loved since you

ever since," he said. "Let me take care of

you. You are a beautiful woman."

Fenella sprang up for a minute she

had been holding in the arms held out to her, and at last managed to say,

wanted to do this in the very best

way—but oh! I never dreamed I

should dare be so brave!"

"Only brave," the judge said, smiling.

She nestled closer, saying as her

arm crept about his neck, "And so,

so happy!"

Rough Roads of Romance.

A story of love and tragedy comes

from some time ago. Alfredo, the

youngest of the three, left Rome without a word of explanation. Alfredo was deeply affected, but whenever he mentioned the matter to the second brother, Gennaro, the latter was silent and silent.

It was not until a few days ago that the mystery was solved. Gennaro

was found in his lodgings with a bullet

through his head, and beside him

was a letter informing his brother

that he had resolved to die because

of his love for the beautiful Gluseppe

mina, and that a similar passion had

driven Cesare into exile. Alfredo

was a sweetheart who was overcome

with grief at the tragedy which she had unwittingly brought about that she broke

off her engagement.

The judge laid his hand on her shoulder, saying in a high, hard voice: "I mean you are—oh! well, the sort of woman men, good or bad, want to—kiss and caress, and keep in cotton wool. Now don't flare up and stamp your foot—as Fenella sprang upright—'Men aren't ravaging wild beasts—but oh, they are so easy to get such a creature as you come along! You couldn't work anywhere, at anything that wasn't physically easy—nature intended to that part. Indeed, you're a piece of her choice brie—brace—you've got to be taken care of—else there'll be a dreadful smashing of hearts and reputations."

In ten years Russia has added \$310,000 to its stock of gold, raising the total in the treasury to \$704,000,000. Even France has been passed in the contest of accumulation; in ten years the Bank of France has increased its supply of the metal by \$22,000,000. One year ago Russia held less than France,

WHERE GOLD ACCUMULATES

Russia, France, All Other Countries

In Increasing Up the Precious Metal

Teachers' Examination.

Outline of the Teachers' examination

to be held in Grayling at the

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ARITHMETIC.

Fractions.

Percentage.

Commercial discounts.

Commission and brokerage.

Stocks and Bonds.